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CLIVE BARKER'S

HELLRAISER

HOLIDAY SPECIAL
MERRY XMAS



A Christmas Puzzle

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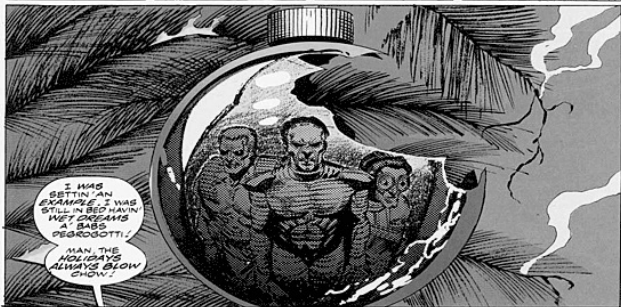
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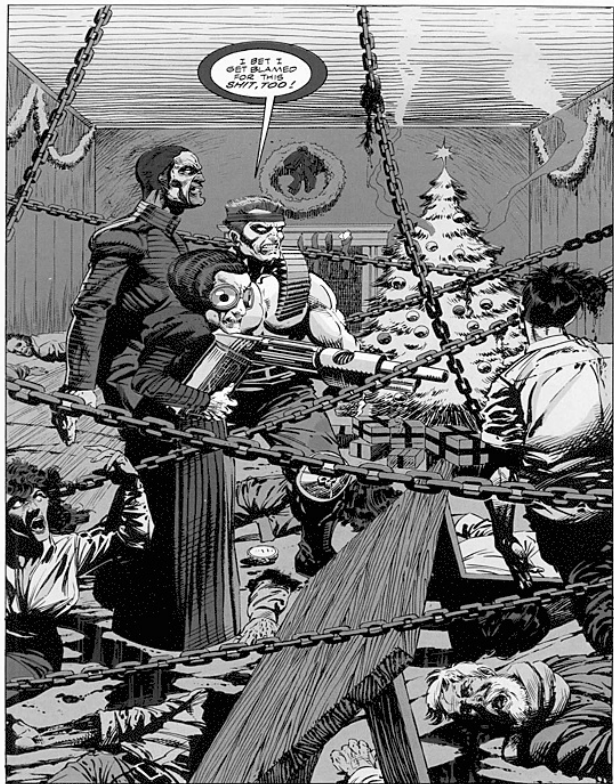
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KLANK
KLANK

HOW TRAGIC,
ATKINS, THAT YOU
CAN ONLY FIND SELF-
RITY IN A TIME OF
YEAS SO RICH WITH
DRAMATIC
TRADITION!

LISTEN TO THE RATTLE
OF THE CHAINS! HEAR
IN THEM THE VOICE OF
MARLEY CALLING OUT
TO EBENEZER
SCROOGE!



BAH-
EFFIN-
HUMBUS!

KRATTLE

WE DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR ANOTHER
OF YOUR MOTHERLESS
PERFORMANCES,
FACE!



I'M HESITANT TO ADMIT
IT, FACE, BUT THE ARMORER
WAS A POINT. OUR DARK
GOD LEVIATHAN HAS
CHARGED US WITH
SOLVING THE MYSTERY
BEHIND THIS UNDISTINGUISHED
ATTACK ON MANKIND.



BALBERTH'S GOT
IT, WE DON'T WORK
OUT THIS PUZZLE
FAST, THAT BASTARD
BLACK DIAMOND'S
GONNA FIN THE
WHOLE MESS ON
US SO AS TO WRAP
THINGS UP NICE
AND ORDERLY
LIKE.

THEN AS GENOBITES
SERVING THE CAUSE OF
STRUCTURE, WE MUST
BE CERTAIN THAT WE
GIVE OUR LORD A
VIABLE ALTERNATIVE
FOR THIS DISTASTEFUL
ANARCHY.

ATKINS,
WHAT'S THAT
THERE 'F BY
YOUR
FOOT?



GOOD BYES,
GRANNY.. WHAT'S
LEFT OF 'EM
BEHIND THOSE
SPECS!

A LAMENT CON-
FIGURATION AND SOME
SOUP KITCHEN DOUCHE-
BAG OBSCURING IT,
BRINGS THE DEVIL
DOWN ON HIS HEAD
AND EVERYONE ELSE'S,
LITERALLY. END O' STORY!



RAIN ON MY
PARADE, LIBRARIAN,
AND I'LL BLEED
YOU DRY DOWN
THE NEAREST
GUTTER!

UNFORTUNATELY,
MY RESEARCH,
INDICATES IT'S NOT
QUITE THAT
SIMPLE!



YOU BUYIN INTO
THIS CHUCKENSHIT
SHOW, BALBERTH?





I CAN'T
GO BACK!

aaarrghh

HMMMM.
F-SHARP.
DO YOU
SUPPOSE?

INDEED, HIGH C
WILL HE REACH
WITH ONE MORE
NOTCH, I BELIEVE.

CHILD'S
PLAY

SCRIPT BY SHOLLY FISCH
ART BY STEVE DUCCELLATO
LETTERS
SIMPSON





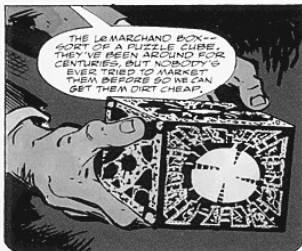


WE'VE BEEN TRYING
TO FIND YOU FOR DAYS!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

SORRY ABOUT
THAT, KAM.



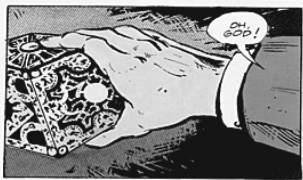
I'VE GOT US A
NEW PRODUCT.







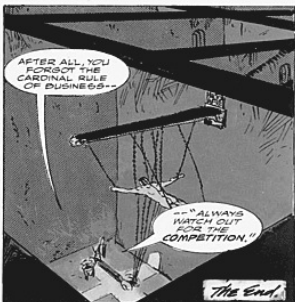
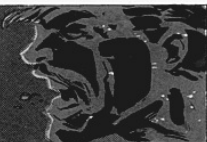








OOOOO!







YOUR PERSONAL SATISFACTION ASIDE, WE ARE STILL NO CLOSER TO THE TRUTH OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF TEXTBOOK QUALITY SKINNING, OF COURSE!



"YES VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!"



BUT NO RECORD OF THIS GOLEM STATUE EVER BEING APPROVED FOR SERVICE IN FOR SVATHAN'S WAR ON THE FLESH!

IT REEKS OF HELLISH ESSENCE, AND YET HAS NO COUNTERPART IN THE UNHOLY CATALOG! LIKE THE COUNTERFEIT PUZZLE BOY, AN ANOMALY AMONG OUR LORD'S CONFIGURATIONS...



...THEREFORE REPRESENTING A LACK OF CONTROL IN COMPARISON TO THE BIT'S OTHER STRATEGIES!



LACK 'A CONTROL, HUH? RIGHT UP MY ALLEY!

TELL ME MORE!



I TELL YOU TO KNOW FEAR, FOR BEHOLD I BRING YOU DEBASED TIDINGS OF GREAT MISERY...

שד יה

ALBANY,
1938.

HOW MANY
TIMES DO I HAVE
TO TELL YOU? STRAIGHTEN
YOUR TALLIS. IT WAS
GRANDPA'S. SHOW
RESPECT.

WHY DO WE
HAVE TO GO TO
PRAYERS EVERY
MORNING?

BECAUSE
THE RABBI
WORKS ON COM-
MISSION. SUCH A
QUESTION. WE
RESPECT GOD
THAT'S WHY.

AND THIS
THIS GOLEM
OF YOURS. YOU
ARE FAST BAR
MITZVAH. TOO
OLD FOR SUCH
GAMES.

I WISH A GOLEM
WOULD COME
KILL ALL THE
COSSACKS AND
NAZIS. AND
TREAT THEM
LIKE THEY
TREAT US.

QUESTIONS
HAVE I SEEN
ONE? NO. BUT
THEN AGAIN I
NEVER NEEDED
ONE.

WERE THE
GOLEMS REAL
PAPA? WHEN THE
RABBI MADE THEM,
DO THEY AVENGE
THE JEWS LIKE THE
STORIES SAY?
HAVE YOU EVER
SEEN ONE?

FEN! HOW
YOU TALK. JACOB
GOLOSBERG. AVENGER
OF THE JEWS. GOD
DECIDES SUCH THINGS.
NOT MEN. YOU KNOW
BETTER.



SUCH A TEMPER.
SO HOT HEADED.
STILL IT'S TIME YOU
EARNED OF OUR
FAMILY--AND OUR
DUTY TO GOD.

I ALREADY
KNOW. I GO
TO SCHUL. I
SAY PRAYERS.



SHAN! LISTEN.
OVER FOUR HUNDRED
YEARS SINCE THE
INQUISITION WE HAVE
KEPT THIS. ITS POWER
IS DARK AND
TERRIBLE --

--LIKE
KABALLAH,
MYSTIC ?

LISTEN.
WOULD YOU ?
NOT OF GOD,
BUT SHEDDIM--
DEMONS.
IT--NO!



NEVER
TOUCH
IT.



ONCE, BEFORE EVEN
GRAMPA'S GRAMPA WAS
BORN, ONE OF OUR FAMILY
OPENED IT. HIS SCREAMS
WERE HEARD IN THE NIGHT
FOR SIX YEARS. SHEDDIM.
THEY EAT THE SOUL. THEN
THE BODY.

BUT COULDN'T WE
USE IT ? IN EUROPE
THEY MURDER US. HERE
THEY HAVE THE BLUND-
AMERICAN NAZIS. IT'S
1938. DO WE STILL
HAVE TO WAIT FOR GOD?
LIKE IN EGYPT ?

IT IS NOT OUR POWER.
HAVE I TAUGHT YOU
NOTHING? WHERE ARE
THE ARMES THAT TRIED
TO KILL THE JEWS ?
EGYPT ? ROME ? DUST.
WE SURVIVE. THAT
IS GOD'S WILL.

PROMISE ME NOT TO
TOUCH IT. GHARD IT
AS I HAVE... AS OUR
FATHERS HAVE .
PROMISE ME --
BEFORE GOD.

I
PROMISE.

JACOB ?!

I
PROMISE!

GOOD, COME.
WE HAVE THE
DAY'S WORK
BEFORE US.



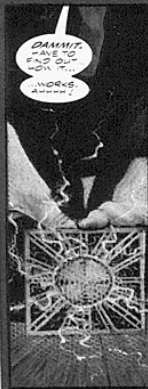




THAT'S WHAT
YOU GET WAITING
FOR GOD TO
HELP. YOU GET
KILLED.



I'LL USE IT
ONCE, PAPA
WOULD SAY
"NO", BUT...



DAMMIT.
HAVE TO
FIND OUT
HOW IT...

...WORKS.
AHHH.



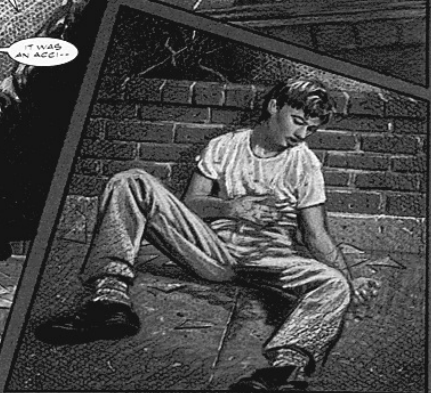
THE GOLEM.
LIKE THE STORE.
THE GOLEM WILL
AVENGE US.
AVENGE THE
JEWS.

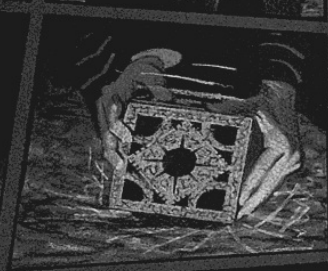


NOW, BLOOD
FOR BLOOD. THIS
TIME WE WON'T WAIT
FOR GOD--WE'LL
DO IT WITHOUT
HIM.











JACOB, WE KNOW YOU'RE UPSET. PUT THE KNIFE DOWN. EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.



GET OUT OF HERE! I'M THE AVENGER OF THE--



JACOB, DON'T!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



HE'S DEAD--
POOR KID.

IF HE'D ONLY WAITED, CAPTAIN SAYS A WITNESS SWORE OUT A STATEMENT. SOME GUY FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD, COULD HAVE PICKED UP THOSE GUYS TONIGHT.

AAAAHHH!!



KID BEAT US TO IT.

ALL RIGHT FOLKS, COME ON. BREAK IT UP.



FUN'S OVER!
COME ON!





Nursery CRIME

OXFORD, ENGLAND.
PRESENT-DAY

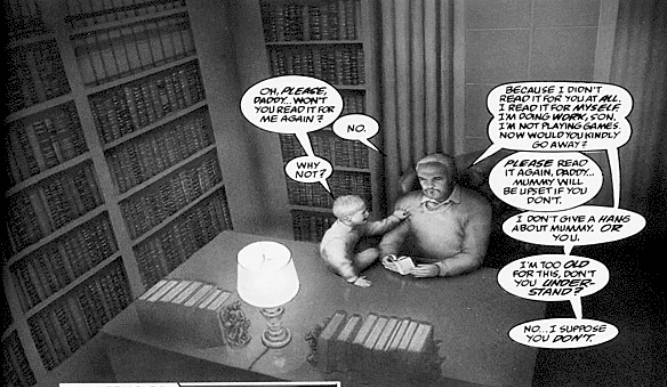
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THE crows fly down to London town
Their wings as black as day
The ladies sing in dressing gowns
To chase the moon away

Give me please a farthing sir
Oh give me please your pay
You cannot spend your money
The crows are here to stay

READ IT
"GAIN, DAD...
PLEASE!"



OH, PLEASE, DADDY... WON'T YOU READ IT FOR ME AGAIN?

NO.

WHY NOT?

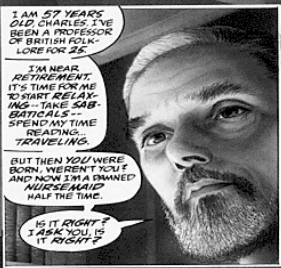
BECAUSE I DIDN'T READ IT FOR YOU AT ALL. I READ IT FOR MYSELF. I'M DOING WORK, SON. I'M NOT PLAYING GAMES. NOW WOULD YOU KINDLY GO AWAY?

PLEASE READ IT AGAIN, DADDY... MUMMY WILL BE UPSET IF YOU DON'T.

I DON'T GIVE A HANK ABOUT MUMMY. OR YOU.

I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

NO... I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T.

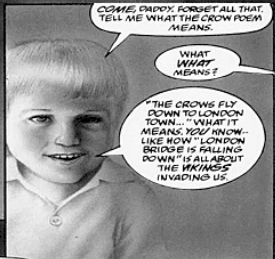


I AM 57 YEARS OLD, CHARLES. I'VE BEEN A PROFESSOR OF BRITISH FOLK-LORE FOR 25.

I'M NEAR RETIREMENT. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO START RELAXING-- TAKE SABBATICALS-- SPEND MY TIME READING... TRAVELING.

BUT THEN YOU WERE BORN, WEREN'T YOU? AND NOW I'M A DAMNED NURSEMAID HALF THE TIME.

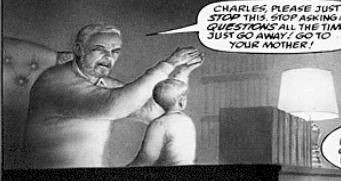
IS IT RIGHT? I ASK YOU, IS IT RIGHT?



COME, DADDY. FORGET ALL THAT. TELL ME WHAT THE CROW POEM MEANS.

WHAT WHAT MEANS?

"THE CROWS FLY DOWN TO LONDON TOWN..." WHAT IT MEANS, YOU KNOW-- LIKE HOW "LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN" IS ALL ABOUT THE WIKINGS INVADING US.



CHARLES, PLEASE JUST STOP THIS. STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS ALL THE TIME. JUST GO AWAY! GO TO YOUR MOTHER!

I'M SUFFOCATING HERE. GO. GO ON. I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE!



WELL! I'M SORRY, BUT WE'VE ALL GOT OUR CROSSES TO BEAR, AVEN'T WE?



LOUISE...

YOU TRICKED ME! YOU KNEW I NEVER WANTED CHILDREN!

IT'S ENOUGH NOW, EDWARD. SHOULD BE ASKING OF YOURSELF TALKING THAT WAY TO YOUR SON. S'WONDER YOU HAVEN'T TRAUMATIZED THE LAD.

WELL, YOU'RE AS MUCH TO BLAME IF I HAVE. I WOULDN'T HAVE MARRIED YOU IF YOU HADN'T ASSURED ME YOU WERE BARREN. YOU OLD SOW.



HUSH! WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. IT WAS THE LORD'S DOING, NOT MINE. AND YOU'RE AN UNGRATEFUL WRETCH TO TREAT A BEAUTIFUL CHILD THIS WAY.

I Sigh I'M SORRY--I'VE APOLOGIZED A THOUSAND TIMES FOR THAT.

BUT... THE PRESSURE... ON ONE SALARY AT MY AGE...

OH, GROW UP EDWARD. WE'RE MANAGING.

COME NOW, CHARLES. MUMMY'S MADE YOU A NICE SUPPER.

WHAT ABOUT ME?

I'LL MICROWAVE US SOMETHING AFTER I'VE PUT CHARLES TO BED.

REALLY EDWARD. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WE GO THROUGH THIS. I DO WISH YOU'D LEARN.

I'VE LEARNED. I'VE LEARNED.

WHY ARE YOU DAMNING ME, LOUISE? WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS FATE?

FOR THE LAST TIME STOP SPEAKING THIS WAY IN FRONT OF THE CHILD. AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, EDWARD, LOOK AROUND. THERE'S PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN ENGLAND DON'T HAVE A COMFY CHAIR TO SIT IN. YOU'VE PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR, HAVEN'T YOU?

DON'T FORGET, DADDY! THE CROW POEM!

YES, YES... THE CROW POEM...



DON'T YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!

WHY ARE YOU GOING TO HIT ME AGAIN?



UURRRRGH...
WELL, YOU LITTLE SOD,
FOR ONCE WE BOTH
WANT THE SAME
THING.

EVER SINCE I FOUND
THIS BOOK YESTERDAY IN
LONDON, I CAN'T STOP
COMING BACK TO THAT
RHYME.

"THE CROWS FLY DOWN TO
LONDON TOWN... "DAMNED
IF I'VE EVER SEEN THIS
ONE BEFORE.

ALL THE REST ARE
STANDARD BRITISH
NURSERY RHYMES...
NOTHING
SPECTACULAR.

"SEE SAW, MARGERY DAW"--
IT IS--CENTURY CARPENTER'S
REFRAIN, TO KEEP TIME
WHILE THEY WERE SAWING.
A "MARGERY DAW" WAS A
SLATTERN, A SLUT.

LITTLE JACK HORNER... HE LIKELY
WAS THOMAS HORNER, STEWARD
TO THE ABBOT OF GLASTENBURY. THEY
SAID HE STOLE ONE OF SEVERAL MANOR
DEEDS THE ABBOT WAS SENDING TO
KING HENRY VIII--BAKED WITHIN A
CHRISTMAS PIE, CUSTOM OF THE
TIME.

GOD WERE
AN ODD
PEOPLE.

AND WHAT AN
ODD LITTLE BOOK--
NO PUBLISHER, NO
COPYRIGHT DATE,
NOT EVEN A PRINTER'S
INSIGNIA.

20



LITTLE Jack Horner,
Sat in the corner,
Eating of Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good
boy am I!'

21



SEE-SAW
Margery Daw
Sold her bed
And lay upon straw

AND THIS CROW
POEM...HAMMM.

OH DEAR, WHAT ARE WE
THINKING? AN UNDIS-
COVERED NURSERY
RHYME? MAY AS WELL
CLAIM I'VE FOUND A NEW
DRAFT OF "HAMLET"!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
DADDY. IF YOU CAN'T,
YOU CAN'T.

HMM?
CAN'T? CAN'T
WHAT?

TELL ME
WHAT THE
CROW POEM
MEANS?

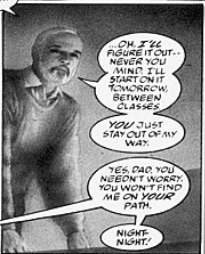
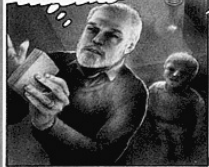
OH...

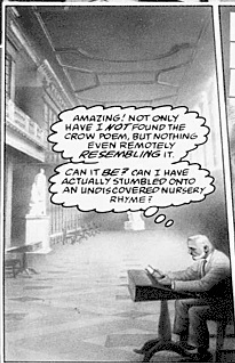
...OH, I'LL
FIGURE IT OUT--
NEVER YOU
MIND, I'LL
START ON IT
TOMORROW,
BETWEEN
CLASSES.

YOU JUST
STAY OUT OF MY
WAY.

YES, DAD, YOU
NEEDN'T WORRY.
YOU WON'T FIND
ME ON YOUR
PATH.

NIGHT,
NIGHT!



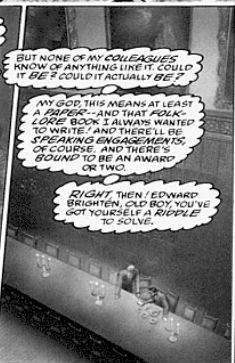


AMAZING! NOT ONLY
HAVE I ~~NOT~~ FOUND THE
CROW POEM, BUT NOTHING
EVEN REMOTELY
RESEMBLING IT.

CAN IT BE? CAN I HAVE
ACTUALLY STUMBLED ONTO
AN UNDISCOVERED NURSERY
RHYME?



MY GOD! IF THIS WERE
TRUE... AND I CAN ANALYZE
IT... INTERPRET IT... THIS
COULD BE THE HIGH NOTE
OF MY ENTIRE CAREER!



BUT NONE OF MY COLLEAGUES
KNOW OF ANYTHING LIKE IT. COULD
IT BE? COULD IT ACTUALLY BE?

MY GOD, THIS MEANS AT LEAST
A PAPER--AND THAT FOLK-
LORE BOOK I ALWAYS WANTED
TO WRITE! AND THERE'LL BE
SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS,
OF COURSE, AND THERE'S
BOUND TO BE AN AWARD
OR TWO.

RIGHT, THEN! EDWARD
BRIGHTEN, OLD BOY, YOU'VE
GOT YOURSELF A RIDDLE
TO SOLVE.

DADDY'S HOME!

DID YOU FIND OUT WHAT THE ROOM MEANS, DADDY?

NO, I HAVEN'T YET, BUT I'VE MADE SOME PROGRESS.

NOW YOU RUN ALONG TO MUMMY, I'VE GOT SOME RESEARCH TO DO IN MY DEN.

I'M VERY TIRED, SO I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO READ TO YOU TONIGHT.

I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW, CHARLES.

YES, FATHER. THANK YOU, FATHER.

I'M QUITE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.

ALL RIGHT, NOW BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT ON THIS. TRY TO STAY AWAKE, OLD BOY THINK.

BUT THE FLORIO CAPITAL LETTERS ON EACH PAGE ARE A TYPEFACE CALLED 'ALPHABET DIABOLIQUE' - THE DEVIL'S ALPHABET. IT WASN'T DESIGNED UNTIL 1834, SO THE BOOK IS 19TH CENTURY OR NEWER.

THE OLDEST RHYME IN THE BOOK IS 15TH CENTURY. THE NEWEST IS 17TH CENTURY.

SO WHEN WAS IT, WRITTEN, THEN?

ONCE MORE GIVE ME PLEASE A FARTHING, SIR...

A FARTHING WAS 1/4 OF A CENT. BY THE 19TH CENTURY IT WAS PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS, EVEN HALF-PENNIES WEREN'T WRITTEN ABOUT ANYMORE BY THEN.

WHAT WOULD THEY HAVE USED INSTEAD IF THIS WERE A NEWER POEM...? A SHILLING?

"GIVE ME PLEASE A SHILLING, SIR/GIVE ME, SIR, YOUR PAY..." YES, IT SCANS!

THIS IS AN AUTHENTIC OLDER POEM. I CAN FEEL IT. 13/6/2012

YES... FEEL IT... I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK... ZZZZ...

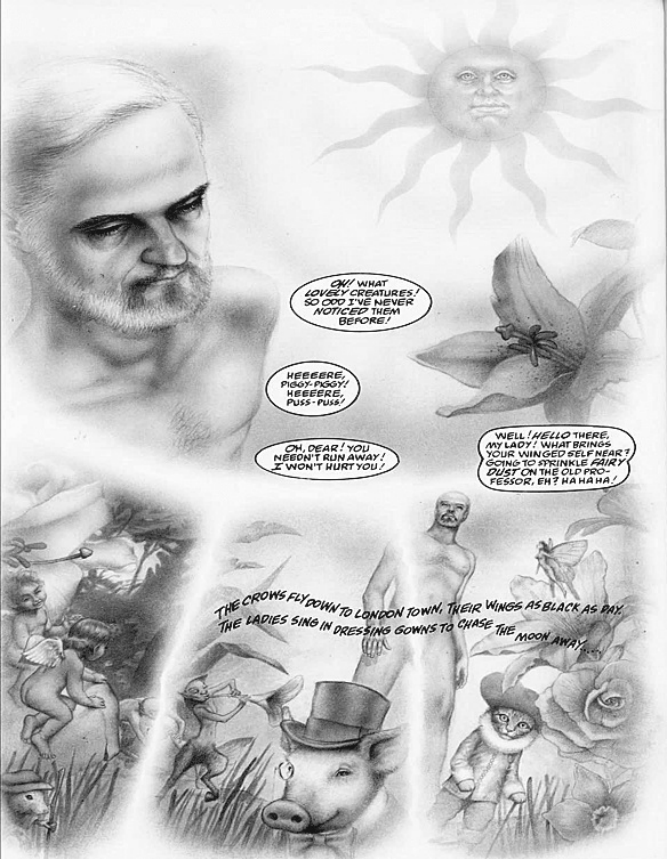


HE crows fly down to their wings as black

FATHER?

ARE YOU ASLEEP?

WELL PLEASANT DREAMS.



OH! WHAT
LOVELY CREATURES!
SO ODD I'VE NEVER
NOTICED THEM
BEFORE!

HEEEERE,
PIGGY-PIGGY!
HEEEERE,
PUSS-PUSS!

OH, DEAR! YOU
NEEDN'T RUN AWAY!
I WON'T HURT YOU!

WELL! HELLO THERE,
MY LADY! WHAT BRINGS
YOUR WINGED SELF NEAR?
GOING TO SPRINKLE FAIRY
DUST ON THE OLD PRO-
FESSOR, EH? WA HA HA!

THE CROWS FLY DOWN TO LONDON TOWN, THEIR WINGS AS BLACK AS RAY.
THE LADIES SING IN DRESSING GOWNS TO CHASE THE MOON AWAY...



HA HA HA...
WHAT IS
THIS?

OH GIVE ME A
FARTHING, SIR

WHO
ARE
YOU?



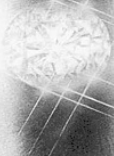
OH GIVE ME, SIR,
YOUR PAY

WHO
ARE
YOU?



YOU CANNOT SPEND
YOUR MONEY, SIR

WHO ARE
YOU?



THE CROWS ARE
HERE TO STAY!

EEEEEEEEEE!!!
WHAT? WHO?
WHAT?

OH GOD!
I WAS
DREAMING!

LOOK AT THE
TIME! I'M
LATE!

LOUISE! LOUISE,
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHY DIDN'T YOU
WAKE... WHAT?

CHARLES!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE? WHERE'S
YOUR MOTHER?

SHE SAID SHE WAS BUSY,
AND IF YOU WANTED
TO SLEEP THE DAY AWAY
THAT WAS NONE OF HER
NEVER-MIND!

WHY DIDN'T
YOU WAKE ME?
I KNOW YOU'RE ON
HOLIDAY, BUT I
STILL HAVE TO WORK

SORRY, DAD, I DIDN'T
WANT TO DISTURB
YOU... IN CASE YOU
WERE DREAMING
ABOUT THE CROW
POEM.

DAMNED CHILD!
NOT ENOUGH HE
RUINS MY LIFE,
NOW HE RUINS
MY SLEEP!

WHOOFS. OH, YES,
MUSTN'T FORGET
THE BOOK.

YESSSS. I CAN
FEEL IT.
SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'M
GETTING
CLOSE.

WELL, IF I
HURRY, I CAN
STILL MAKE
MY SECOND
CLASS.

ABOUT
THE...?

THE crows fly down to London town
Their wings as black as day
The ladies sing in dressing gowns
To chase the moon away
Oh give me please a farthing six
You cannot spend your money six
The crows are here to stay



PROF BRIGHTON! I HAD TO COVER YOUR CLASS FOR YOU THIS MORNING. YOU REALLY SHOULD ~~CALL~~ WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE.

HMM? OH, YES, PROFESSOR. MY APOLOGIES. IT'S THIS NEW RESEARCH I'M DOING...

YES, YES, THAT NURSERY RHYME OF YOURS. IT'S ALL YOU'VE TALKED ABOUT FOR TWO DAYS.

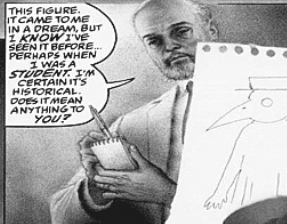
YES, I AM A TRIFLE OBSSIVE. MUST BE OFF NOW. I'M MEETING PROF WILSON AT THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT.



WILSON! SO GOOD OF YOU TO SEE ME.

NOT AT ALL, BRIGHTON. GLAD TO BE OF HELP.

WHAT IS IT YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME?



THIS FIGURE. IT CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, BUT I KNOW I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE... PERHAPS WHEN I WAS A STUDENT. I'M CERTAIN IT'S HISTORICAL. DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

"OH, MY! IT DOES INDEED.

"THIS CREATURE YOU'VE DRAWN... IS A DOCTOR."

"A WHAT?"

"A DOCTOR-- DURING THE PLAGUE OF LONDON. YOU KNOW OF THE PLAGUE, OF COURSE."

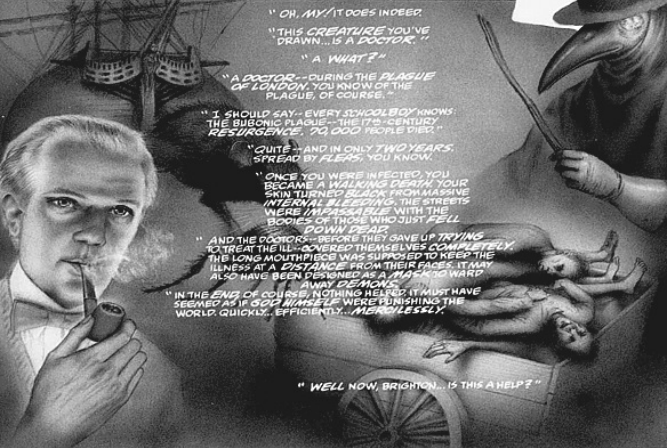
"I SHOULD SAY-- EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS: THE BUBONIC PLAGUE-- THE 17TH-CENTURY RESURGENCE. 70,000 PEOPLE DIED."

"QUITE-- AND IN ONLY TWO YEARS. SPREAD BY FLEAS, YOU KNOW."

"ONCE YOU WERE INFECTED, YOU BECAME A WALKING DEATH. YOUR SKIN TURNED BLACK FROM MASSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDING. THE STREETS WERE IMPASSABLE WITH THE BODIES OF THOSE WHO JUST FELL DOWN DEAD."

"AND THE DOCTORS-- BEFORE THEY SAWE UP TRYING TO TREAT THE ILL-- COVERED THEMSELVES COMPLETELY. THE LONG MOUTHPIECE WAS SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE ILLNESS AT A DISTANCE FROM THEIR FACES. IT MAY ALSO HAVE BEEN DESIGNED AS A MASK TO WARD AWAY DEMONS."

"IN THE END, OF COURSE, NOTHING HELPED. IT MUST HAVE SEEMED AS IF GOD HIMSELF WERE PUNISHING THE WORLD. QUICKLY... EFFICIENTLY... MERCILESSLY."



"WELL NOW, BRIGHTON... IS THIS A HELP?"

YES! THAT WAS
THE KEY! NOW ALL THE
OTHER PIECES I'VE
RESEARCHED FIT!

IT ALL MAKES SENSE
NOW. THE "CROWS" ARE
THE DOCTORS... THEIR
ROBES AS BLACK AS THE
BODIES THAT LITTER THE
STREETS EACH DAY.

THE "LADIES" IN THE
POEM AREN'T SYINGING...
THEY'RE WAITING FOR
THE DEAD! THE
"DRESSING GOWNS"...
MOURNING CLOTHES!

AND THOSE FINAL LINES--
THEY'RE SPEAKING TO THE
PLAGUED THOUSANDS
WHO MIGHT JUST AS WELL
GIVE AWAY WHAT THEY
HAVE, BECAUSE IT WILL
DO THEM NO GOOD IN
THE AFTERLIFE.

I STILL CAN'T
SUSS OUT "CHASE
THE MOON AWAY..."
THAT'S STILL A
MYSTERY. I WONDER
WHO OR WHAT THE
MOON REPRESENTS?

WELL, NO MATTER...
IT'S JUST A QUESTION
OF TIME BEFORE I
DECIPHER THAT PART
OF THE PUZZLE. THE
REST IS ALL
UNLOCKED.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
ALL THESE DISAPPOINTMENTS...
ALL THOSE SHACKLES PUT ON
ME BY MY WIFE AND THAT
HIDEOUS CHILD...

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
I'M FINALLY GOING TO GET
THE HONOR I DESERVE.

Puzzling, but no longer a puzzle, "The
Crows Fly Down to London Town" falls into the
category of "plague rhymes," those which attorn

LATER.

CHARLES!
CHARLES!

WHERE ARE
YOU, YOU LITTLE
DEMON? I'VE
SOLVED YOUR
DAMN PUZZLE!

LOUISE!
LOUISE, WHERE'S
CHARLES? WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU,
WOMAN?

WHAT THE
DEVIL ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT,
CHARLES?
WHO ARE
THESE
PEOPLE?

HERE I AM,
DADDY! IN YOUR
DEN!
DON'T MIND
MUMMY, I KNOW
SHE LOOKS AS IF
SHE'S SEEN A
GHOST, BUT SHE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.
I'M GLAD
YOU'VE SOLVED
THE PUZZLE,
DADDY. THAT
MAKES ME SO
HAPPY.

THESE ARE MY
NEW FRIENDS!
CROW...

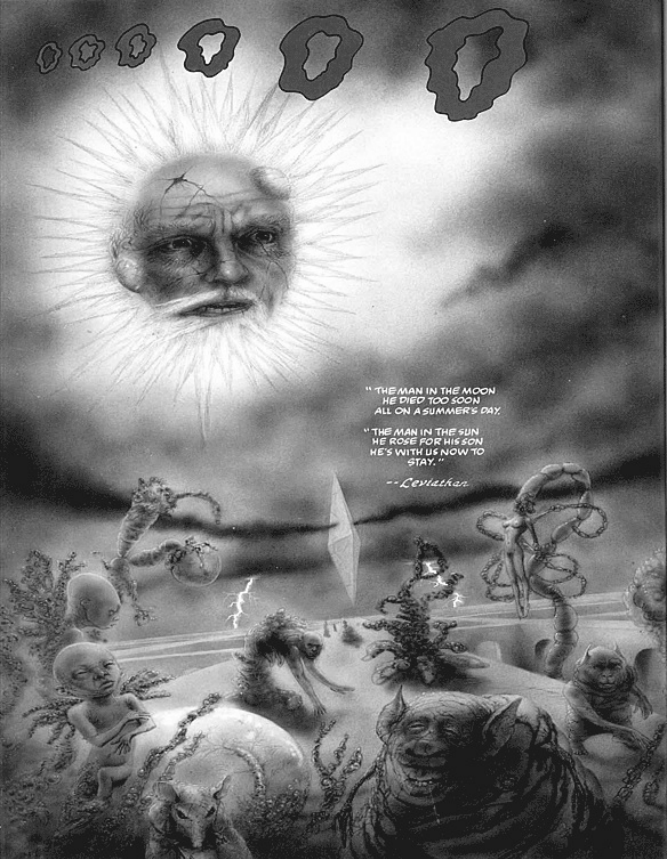
...AND
MOON-
FACE.

OH! MY MANNERS!
FORGIVE ME,
DADDY.

ONLY THEY'RE NOT
PEOPLE ANYMORE, THEY
USED TO BE PEOPLE,
DADDY...

JUST LIKE
YOU....

No! No! NOOOOOO



"THE MAN IN THE MOON
HE DIED TOO SOON
ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

"THE MAN IN THE SUN
HE ROSE FOR HIS SON
HE'S WITH US NOW TO
STAY."

-- Leviathan





ANYONE ELSE CAN BE THESE CON-FIGURATIONS WE'VE BEEN STUDYING... SUPPOSED TOOLS OF ORDER, ACTUALLY RIFE WITH ANARCHY!

"THE **ERSATZ PUZZLE BOX**, AN IRREGULAR LAST MINUTE AD-DITION TO AN OTHERWISE STRAIGHT-FORWARD TROLLING FOR SOULS!"

"THE **GOLEM** NEVER TRULY A **PUZZLE**, INSTEAD A **DECEPTION** OUT OF STEP WITH THE RULES, INCAPABLE OF BRINGING ACROSS A **CENOBITE**!"

"AND THE **STORYBOOK'S** **OBSESSION** WAS AS MUCH THE CHILD'S AS THE FATHER'S... YET THE YOUTH WAS ALLOWED **ESCAPE** REGARDLESS OF THE **CONSEQUENCE** TO THE **LARGER ORDER**!"

EACH DANGEROUSLY OUT OF **SYNCH** WITH THE **ABYSS** OTHER **TEMPTATIONS**... TOGETHER WORK-ING OFF ONE ANOTHER TOWARD SOME KIND OF **INDISCRIMINATE CRITICAL MASS**!

SOUP KITCHEN **SLAUGHTER** HOUSE!

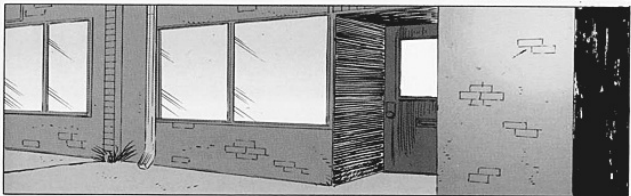
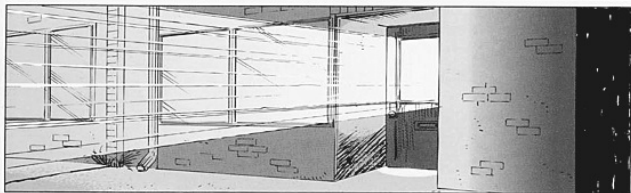
THIS ISN'T THE WAY **LEVIATHAN** WOULD WISH TO WIN THE WAR ON **FLESH**...YET WHAT CAN BE DONE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT AGAIN?



I GOT JUST WHAT THAT TRIO A **'CRAP CONFI-GURATIONS** NEED RIGHT HERE! **C4** **EXPLOSIVE**...WITH **MODIFICATIONS**!



LET'S **BLOW 'EM** ALL STRAIGHT TO **HELL**!







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